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November 17, 1950

Bombay: Symbol of the Best and Worst

RICHARD DEVERALL

Americans in Paris

ROBERT BARRAT

The Lone-Child Story

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

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Published weekly, printed and copyrighted, 1950, in the U. S. A., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year; Foreign $8. Single copies, 15c.

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Deep Winter

THE GI's will not be leaving Korea by Thanksgiving. Some say it will be Christmas now, but nobody believes them.

The pursuit of the remaining North Koreans had been proceeding according to plan. More than three hundred thousand of their troops had been put out of action. Despite the rugged terrain, final victory for the UN armies was in sight; the border was not distant. Then it happened. Americans and South Koreans deployed specifically for pursuit suddenly found themselves in a trap. Out of nowhere thousands of Chinese troops in Chinese uniforms, whole Chinese divisions equipped with powerful weapons, attacked ferociously and isolated various UN units.

Casualty lists that had been tapering off as North Korean resistance crumbled again grew long and dolorous. The "little war" got bigger. In the bitterness of the North Korean winter American and other troops realized that they were there to stay.

On the verge of a decisive triumph, American-led UN punitive action against an aggressor has been stopped and even thrown back somewhat by this Chinese intervention in force. Three hundred thousand more Chinese troops are believed to stand in readiness just across the Korean-Manchurian border. The prospect of peace for Korea—of Korean reconstruction—is receding rapidly.

Once the Korean war was joined, it became impossible for the forces of General MacArthur to stop at the 38th parallel, whence the aggression was launched. Will it be any more possible now to stop at the Yalu River, leaving intact the immediate source of the Korean aggression? The security of a united Korea, protected by a UN garrison, would be extremely precarious if the Chinese Communists are merely thrown back across the Yalu. Such is the focus into which this new intervention by Mao has thrown the Korean problem.

The attack on South Korea was the first major Soviet probe of anti-Communist defenses in the Far East. The crossing of the Yalu is the second. And still the terrain, the responsibilities incurred, the armies involved, all remain very far from Moscow. Stalin has been able to test further the strength and disposition of those who oppose his plans for world domination but still keep his own powder dry.

Those who take the cheeriest view of this latest development say that at most the Chinese Communists want to protect the Korean hydroelectric installations on the Yalu and establish a buffer area between Manchuria and the UN forces. That they have not intervened in such force until now lends weight to such a view. The vulnerability of Manchuria's important factories and railroads may also act as a restraint upon the Chinese Communists. But now that they are directly engaging the UN armies in such numbers how can either group stop short of a decisive victory?

One of the worst aspects of this situation is the way the Chinese move fits into Stalin's efforts to divert attention from Western Europe. The United States cannot afford to let the fight with Communist China continue long and indecisive. Yet the arms and men required for a military victory in China would mean our virtual withdrawal from the European scene. Nothing would please the Russians so much.

IN THIS dilemma the only solution would appear to lie with the United Nations. Now that the Assembly has been authorized to discuss and take action in cases of aggression, this new power should be put to an immediate test. The first step would be to brand Communist China an aggressor. The second would be to dispatch contingents of arms and men from many nations under UN auspices—in such force as to compel Mao to sue for peace. That would be

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• NEXT WEEK •

GERALD B. PHELAN, Director of the Mediaevel Institute of the University of Notre Dame, reviews Will Durant's *The Age of Faith.*

"The author writes with a ready pen and a persuasive rhetoric. His style is facile and witty, even sometimes brilliant, and his narrative, though unavoidably superficial, is not disfigured by the grosser errors and prejudices. . . . The smoothness and persuasive character of the author's style may sometimes conceal the barb. . . ."

the only way to secure effective action in Asia without creating a fatal diversion from Europe.

Slowly, With Expression

IN VENICE the gondoliers sing *"Salve Regina"* as they row young lovers over the waters. At Lourdes during the long processions the sick chant "Ave, ave, ave Maria! Ave, ave Maria!" over and over, until it seems that there is no other sound in creation. In New York and all over the English-speaking world during the parish missions and the perpetual novenas, the infantile words of *"Mother Dear, Oh Pray for Me"* are dragged like pain through interminable verses. And in all these places, even when the words are stupid and the music slush, the singing is a prayer. Faith and hope give it validity. It is only because the song is often so weak, such a poor thing to offer the exalted Mother, blessed amongst women, the new Eve "strong as an army in battle array," that it is a source of discontent and bitter criticism.

There is the faith of the child and the childlike and the faith that remains ever childish to account for our hymns to Mary. But it *is* faith and in that context a Catholic can discuss a hymn, a statue or a painted Madonna, arguing that it is this or that whereas it should be something else because that is the way it would best express our belief or our devotion.

You cannot write that way of the jukebox-radio-television hit *"Our Lady of Fatima."* You cannot say that it fails as a hymn or is lacking as a prayer because, though it may have been written with piety and even now here and there may be sung with devotion, it has become something else again. It belongs to another world now—something one hears in a tavern, like *"Goodnight Irene,"* or switches off the radio because it offends the ear, or asks the man to play at a dance because currently it may be "our song." It has been brought down to another level, the level of bogus sentiment and make-believe. It is no longer a question of faith but of feeling, no longer reality but myth, no longer devotion but dollars that count. That is the only way you can talk about it now. And what is there to say then except to regret that the Catholic faith (the faith of Augustine and Aquinas) is being distorted and painlessly destroyed, the divine Maternity is, guiltlessly enough, being mocked, religion is again being used as the opium of the people?

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Choosing

AT THE moment, France holds the dubious distinction of blocking the formation of a European army. In view of the fact that just ten years ago France was on her knees, the humiliated victim of aggression, this current hesitation of hers would seem like a strange and forgetful way to prepare for a new aggression, were it not for the fact that now, if Europe is to mobilize effectively, France has to agree to bring back to life the strutting figure of her late aggressor, the German infantryman. Even for the traditionally clear and precise French mind, this is a torturing and ponderous dilemma.

However the dilemma is not by any means limited to the French. In the British Labor Party and among the Socialists in the Low Countries and in Germany itself, there is strong resistance to the rearming of Germany. To the Socialists, German rearmament means a doctrinal dilemma, a crisis in the dogmatic creed of socialism.

The socialist, like a good many other people, wants nothing so much as a peaceful world-community of nations. It is his belief that the way to get it is to reduce armaments and to do away with capitalism, because capitalism, he holds, has to be competitive. Within a country capitalism is a scramble for markets; internationally it is also a scramble for markets and the consequence of it is war.

Whether or not one agrees with the socialist, he must acknowledge the fact that the militant socialist creed has spread itself far and wide over Europe in the last few decades. It is there deep in the European mind as an ideal, as an article of faith in the future, and today, when Europe contemplates rearming Germany and thus increasing international armaments, the socialist ideal of disarmament lies across the European mind like a block, preventing a vigorous, forthright decision on Germany.

The effect of this is to give a halting, half-hearted appearance to Europe's efforts to defend herself. And to add to the mental confusion, not even the Socialists themselves are of one mind on the question of rearming Germany. Because the logic of events is what it is, because the threat of Russian aggression is so plainly imminent, many of the Socialists have supported the American plan to reactivate German divisions under a non-German command.

There has been some speculation to the effect that there could be, as a result of this dilemma, an internal split-up in European Socialism. Like almost everything else in the world today, it could be pulled apart by the opposing forces of East and West. There is a possibility that Marxist socialists, especially, could reach the point where, to save their dogma, they would commit themselves to the East.

So the dilemma, the doctrinal crisis, becomes a more fundamental problem. In the last analysis it gets down to a choice between illusion and reality, between the fiction of Soviet socialism and the fact of Soviet slavery. That is the choice European Socialists have to make now and the choice they make will almost certainly determine the character and the future of free, democratic socialism in Europe.

If Europe is able to put an integrated army in the field within a reasonably short period of time, including German troops under a unified command, then it may be said that the dilemma has been resolved for the time being because the Socialists have chosen to be free.

Independence and Assassination

ECONOMIC pressures are tough in Puerto Rico, which is the reason for much of the anti-independence sentiment which rules there. American aid is essential to the island's own "Operation Bootstrap." But oppressive economic conditions help explain the existence of the desperate little nationalist group which tried to assassinate President Truman.

The attempt was an inept and bloody climax to a week of abortive revolt on the island itself. So far as one can tell, going at it without first-hand knowledge, the nationalists' revolt was abortive because it was unsupported. The fact is that Puerto Rico has had the opportunity to be completely free of the United States. President Truman has made clear his belief that "the Puerto Rican people should have the right to determine for themselves Puerto Rico's political relationship to the continental United States." The possible "relationships" include complete independence.

The nationalist party was unable to elect a single representative in Puerto Rican voting. It

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was unable to raise more than about 500 men for the rebellion. The Independence Party got only about 10% of the island's vote in the 1948 elections. So there is reason to believe that the people of Puerto Rico wish to maintain their connection with the United States. They now elect their own governor, their own Senate and House of Representatives, and a representative in Washington. They make their own laws (Congress has a veto right which it has never exercised). They make their own tax laws and receive the duties collected on all Puerto Rican products which are sent to the mainland. Next June they will vote on their own constitution.

Sentiment even for statehood seems to be small on the island, because Puerto Ricans have hopes of working out something unique in their relationship to the mainland. The Governor recently said "our relationship to the Federal Government is leading to a political mutation which will be a new kind of state." Such an association of independence within a larger union, with the economic assistance the United States owes to Puerto Rico, can eventually remedy the population pressures and the poverty which substitute gunfire for politics.

Precedent and Progress

THE MOST vulnerable aspect of the segregation policy, practiced North and South, is the deprivation of opportunity it results in for the American Negro. Where the segregation policy is all-out, it means that simply because of their pigment men are relegated to inferior jobs, poorer homes in more dilapidated districts, less adequate recreation facilities and decidedly poorer schooling—relegated, that is, to the status of second-class citizens. There are other galling elements in racial discrimination and segregation, but it is the inequalities which they produce that conflict most heinously with American democratic ideals.

Nowhere are the defects more apparent than in the matter of education. In recent years the Southern states which maintain separate school systems for whites and Negroes have tried to maintain the fiction that from elementary school through college and graduate school the instruction provided was "separate but equal." But this pretense finally came acropper a few months back when the United States Supreme Court found otherwise on the basis of several individual suits that had worked their way up to the nation's highest tribunal from the lower courts.

Meanwhile students at certain Southern colleges and inter-college student associations had gone on record as supporting the admission of Negroes to their respective institutions. They did not seem to share the traditions of their elders in this vital matter. So that when the decisions against certain Southern states were rendered in Washington, there was little cause to fear that opposition would flare up among the whites most directly affected by the change.

Happily this prospect has been confirmed by what has happened. A recent newspaper survey discloses that a thousand Negroes are attending Southern colleges and universities in company with white students this fall—without reported disturbance. Now that the precedent has been set, the number of students will grow materially, and private colleges will join state institutions in opening their doors. The slow process of equalizing opportunities has begun.

The apparent success of these steps to eliminate individual disabilities leads to the broader question of how to combat deeply-held local prejudices which flaunt our American ideals. One way is to bank on the passage of time and the coming of new generations and new conditions to overcome such prejudices. The other extreme is to insist immediate enforcement of full equality—without discrimination or segregation—regardless of the local traditions of decades.

Some admixture, some mean between the two, seems indicated. The fact that many Southern students have supported the policy of admitting Negroes to their schools reflects not only the proverbial diffidence in young people toward the ideas of their parents; it also shows that years of public agitation for justice for the American Negro have produced results. But unless the states in question had had directives from the Supreme Court—unless they had been forced to adopt this change, in other words—the admission of Negroes to their institutions of higher learning would have been much longer delayed.

The achievement of full status and equal opportunity for all citizens would thus clearly seem to depend on two distinct but related courses of action: that of persuasion, which would necessarily be the task of individuals and private groups, and that of consistently applying the law of the land, the work of government.

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Bombay: Symbol of the Best and Worst

Hunger and poverty are everywhere, but the Indian city stirs with a new energy.

By RICHARD DEVERALL

YOUR first impression on reaching Bombay is that everyone wants your money. Whether you alight from a plane or from a train, you are surrounded by men and women who tug at your coat and chant: "Eh Sahib! No mamma, no papa! Give me one *anna*!" As the weeks and months go by, you get used to it.

Bombay is an old and proud city. It is a Westernized city filled with statues and the huge public buildings put up by the British imperial rulers. Now they house the rulers of Free India. No matter how long you remain in Bombay, or in other cities of India for that matter, you are impressed with the fact that despite the British veneer and the Oxford accents you hear, Bombay remains incorrigibly and proudly Indian.

Many people live in Bombay. There are the Christians who come down from the times of Saint Francis Xavier. Called Goans, because they come from the Portuguese colony in India called Goa, they are a group of friendly, smiling people who drive taxis and victorias, wait on tables, and play in the orchestras of the clubs and hotels. Dignified and literate, the Goans talk to you warmly of their native Goa: "Goa very fine place to live. We have tomb of Saint Francis Xavier. And we get good wine very cheap. Goa is Christian!"

You are surprised to find Christianity equated with cheap wine, but when you discover that the Hindu majority of Bombay has invoked 100% Prohibition, it serves to underline the variances in culture and habit that characterize the groups bound together in Bombay.

Until recent times, beer and wines were sold in Bombay, and much of the liquor trade was handled by the Parsis, a community of tens of thousands who walk about the streets of Bombay with great dignity and a grave bearing. Clothed in fine white clothes, and with the old men wearing black hats called "letter boxes," the Parsis are descendants of the Zoroastrians who once lived in Persia but who left that country over a thousand years ago to avoid religious persecution. In Bombay, the Parsi community lives somewhat within itself, intramarries, and above all educates young Parsis. Although Bombay in general has an illiteracy rate of about 75 to 80%, the Parsi community boasts 98% literacy.

The Christians and the Parsis are two of the minor communities in Bombay. The largest minority in Bombay is that of the Muslim community — the sons of the Prophet Mohammed.

By and large, the Muslims live in one part of town, just as the Goans concentrate in a downtown section of Bombay. The Muslim is exceedingly religious, and it is not uncommon at the appointed hours of the day to see him kneeling before the shrine, bowing and praying to the Prophet and to his God in absolute ecstasy.

★

THE Hindu population of Bombay makes up the major element, but despite its common acceptance of a basic culture or religion, the Hindu community ranges from the proud Brahman through the business castes and the moneylender caste down to the Untouchable, who, although he is called a Harijan today (Child of God), is still assigned the dirtiest jobs, his women serving as beasts of burden on construction and road repair jobs. The Hindu population is broken up into regional groups and castes and into a multitude of lesser sections. Each Hindu caste or community has some variation in dress, some difference in headgear, or shoes, some different caste mark on the forehead. Thus although Bombay is by far a Hindu city, the divisions within the Hindu community are enough to exemplify the diverse nature of India.

In days gone by, when Hindu and Muslim fought each other, the nationalist leaders blamed their frictions on British Imperialism. The British went but the same disorders have continued. Indeed, during February and March of this year, major Hindu-Muslim riots swept Bengal and some parts of northern India, with a tragic toll.

With regard to these differences, I once spoke to one of the most venerable of India's demo-

RICHARD DEVERALL *has just returned from India, where for some months he was the representative of the Free Trade Union Committee of the* AFL.

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crats in his tiny cubicle called "home." "You see," he explained, "the conflict between the Hindu and the Muslim is one of those inevitable conflicts that must be resolved if India is to be really democratic."

"Well," I said, "isn't it just a matter of education, or understanding each other?"

"Yes and no," he replied. "The Muslims believe in conversion. They are under a mandate from the Prophet to convert the world to the Islamic Faith. Just as the Catholic converts without any prejudice, so too the Muslim converts. Many of the Muslims of India were once Hindus. But the Hindu is exclusive. You can't be converted to the Hindu religion. You are born into the religion, and whatever caste you are born into, that is your road for life. The Hindu accepts his caste role in life because he is convinced that if he performs his role well, he will achieve a better and higher role in the next trip on earth. The concepts of fate and re-incarnation in effect make Hindu society very exclusive. And that is the basis for the Hindu fear of the converting Muslim, for if the one grows the other must decline."

What the solution is God alone knows, for I am sure I met no one in Bombay or India who had any revolutionary ideas on the subject. But I do know that in Free India, as trade unions have grown, the Hindu and the Muslim and the Christian have joined the same union and attended meetings irrespective of caste or community.

★

THESE diverse peoples live in a city that is like an island with a very hot and humid climate. In the downtown area of government offices and fine hotels, the city is neat and clean, marred only by the sight of cripples and beggars who appeal for money and kindness. When you drive out from the downtown area to Malabar Hill, you enter a magnificent area of fine homes and the residences of rich Indians and the foreign business men and diplomats.

But if you drive by another road, you enter the mill area—the dank and fetid home of the tens of thousands of textile mill and industrial workers who labor for a monthly wage ranging from $15 to $20. These terribly exploited people work in factories that are decades old, with 19th century machines. The typical worker lives in a 10 x 10 foot room, and in that room live from one to three families—an average of ten persons per room—with cooking, sleeping, study and all of the other functions of life performed within the black confines of that room. Men, women, and children are born, live, and die in such horrible dens. And the marvel is that the little Indian workers are as tolerant and as non-violent as they are. It is indeed interesting to sit in the home of a wealthy Indian capitalist who explains India's woes on the basis of "Anglo-American imperialism." But when you ask him about improving conditions in his mill, you may get a reply that amounts to "Oh, those people! They always live like that!"

In Bombay, also, there is an estimated population of 300,000 who have not even a section of a room to call home. They are born, they live and sleep, and they die on the streets of old Bombay. Many a night when I left my hotel to take a short walk before trying to sleep, I carried a flashlight to avoid stepping on the frail bodies of sleeping Indians.

There are, of course, many good things to say for Bombay, and others that are not so good. But suffice it to say that one of my lasting impressions is of a little boy who day by day was brought to a certain place on Hornby Road where hundreds of people pass by. His parents, or keepers, laid him out on a canvas gunny sack. There he lay day after day, so emaciated and weak that his legs and arms could not move. But his parents, or keepers, picked him up every night and garnered the coins in his tiny aluminum cup.

★

BOMBAY is a symbol of India. It is better than the rural areas, yet is symbolic of the problems facing Free India. India today fights for food, for industrialization, and above all for the unity of her diverse peoples.

Bombay is the home of a new and vigorous trade union movement that is flexing its muscles. Bombay's trade union offices are peopled with young, intelligent Indians of all castes and communities. The industrialist in Bombay talks of foreign economic aid, the government bureaucrat asks, "What will ILO and the UN do for India?" But in the trade union offices of India, I have heard the young leaders say with determination: "Gandhi was right. We must solve our own problems. The free trade union movement points the way."

I love Bombay, for it is peopled with a good and noble people. Despite their problems and their difficulties, the people of Bombay are looking forward to the future. India is free. The young people have energy and a new vision. And in that will India find her salvation.

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FROM FRANCE

Americans in Paris

"BELIEVE me, sir, there is no better clientele than the Americans," the proprietor of a little Paris hotel said to me, with the understanding air of a breeder who wants you to admire his domesticated hares. "They're not untidy, they pay well and they don't cause any trouble. . . ."

I suppose that many French people who derive their living from the hotel industry must share this favorable if slightly cynical judgment. I myself must admit frankly that before setting out on this modest inquiry into American tourism I did not realize how important the American tourist is for the French economy: in the course of 1949 two hundred thousand visitors spent $45,000,000 here—or $225 a person.

But I am quite sure that the great majority of my compatriots react as good average Frenchmen. When they encounter an American citizen they regard him first of all as a man, the way everybody does, and not as a source of revenue. And when they see someone from the United States about to take a snapshot of the Vendôme Column or to promenade on the Champs Elysées, their spontaneous reactions are rather something like this: "What a stupid look that person has!" or "Indeed they all have remarkable legs!" rather than: "Another $225 in the national treasury."

★

IT IS WORTH remarking that the proverbial image that M. Perrin, Parisian bank clerk, or Lafarge, the Morvan farmer, has of the American, has been in the process of changing appreciably in the past two or three years. From 1925 to 1935 the American struck the Frenchman as someone with all the earmarks of the millionaire: "Gold spectacles, silver bridgework, dollars sticking out of all his pockets, lighting his big cigar with a thousand-franc note after having lost three millions in baccarat at Deauville, telephoning Hollywood to say good-night to a girl friend, and speculating by cable at the cocktail hour in South African gold mines." That is the way the French writer, Pierre Daninos, put it.

It is hardly necessary to say that this type of American, so dear to the caricaturists, belongs to a pre-historic species which today has nearly vanished altogether from the earth. The image of the foreigner changes with the times and the liberation of 1944 brought about certain modifications in the above portrait. For many of us the American became the big GI, friendly and unexcited, chewing gum incessantly. His conversation is hard to understand, he puts his feet on the table, he gets fearfully drunk and runs after all our pretty girls (who themselves ask nothing better). But he had driven off the Germans, he was the victor, he had again shed his blood to liberate battered Europe. How could the French help loving him?

Unhappily the sentiments of peoples are like those of individual men; they change rapidly. Deceptions and false propaganda have greatly weakened the love for America among our people in the past few years. They had hoped that the United States would be able, as if by a magic wand, to bring back peace and prosperity to our devastated continent. But in 1950 there are still hundreds of thousands of French who are homeless or are living in hovels. They had honestly thought of the United States as prodigious enough to enforce a definitive *pax Americana* the world over.

And then came the uncertainties and the reverses suffered by American diplomacy. The anti-American propaganda of the Communist Party, clumsy as it was, came to be echoed by some of the people. It recalled the saturation bombings of the war; it denounced the warmongering, imperialism, capitalism, egoism, etc., of the United States. And it is well known that propaganda based on hatred, fear and envy always makes itself felt.

Nothing therefore could better restore French esteem for the United States than the presence of Americans, middle-class Americans. The all-powerful plutocrat and the overly friendly GI have given way to a Mr. Williams or a Mr. Bradford from Pennsylvania or New York whose incomes range from three hundred to six hundred dollars a month. Of course there are always visitors who rent sumptuous villas on the Riviera or luxurious suites at the Ritz or the Crillon—people whose existence seems to depend on long, purring limousines, presence at glittering soirées and at the latest fashion shows.

But alongside these "happy few" M. Dupont and M. Durand have discovered the average American. And they say that he has solid qualities. He is easy to recognize. Whether it is the suit, the tie, the shoes or the general appearance, a Frenchman—or a Parisian at any rate—never makes a mistake; he can always tell an American from an Englishman, a Dane, and naturally from an Italian, right away. I believe that it has something to do with the special accent, slightly on the nasal side, of the man "born in the States."

★

THE lot of this American appears to be an enviable one. The word equality does not seem to be an empty one for him; the fabric of his clothes and his taste for comfort appear always the same. Whether he is a student, teacher, business man or impresario, the American tourist insists on having his trousers pressed every day and he must have his daily bath. All that adds to the renown of American democracy. We sense that here is a fully developed people—as far as habits go, at least.

Perhaps this is not completely true in the matter of food and drink. Last month I saw the French patrons of a restaurant bewildered, scandalized, because an American couple were drinking coffee while they ate lobster.

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In everything touching on gastronomics the Frenchman will always be dictatorial and will consider foreigners who violate the rules to be barbarians. I believe, however, that heresies of this sort are increasingly rare. According to the *maître d'hotel* and the restaurant proprietors I asked about it, the American has made a very praiseworthy effort to accommodate himself to the French cuisine. And some of these experts say that when an American sets out to be a gourmet he has no trouble surpassing his French contemporary—for example, in all that has to do with the love of cognac.

One thing that always arouses admiration in the French is the solicitude that all Americans have for plumbing. In France only one family in fifty, at best, has a bathroom; it can be readily seen that the very fact that Americans take one or two baths a day gives one an exalted idea of their standard of living. There are tourists who push this solicitude to the point of an obsession. I know a little bistro on the Left Bank where the steak, seasoned with pepper, has no equal in all Paris. Of course it is very small and the chairs are wooden and rickety, and there are primitive W.C.'s which have to be flushed by a foot pedal. The other day I saw a middle-aged American woman storming out because of her difficulties with that unfamiliar contraption. She left without taking a meal. The owner was outraged by the incident.

Speaking of American women, there is something else which astounds the French: and that is the number of women tourists (48 percent, I believe) who travel alone or in a group. We have often heard of the emancipation of women in the United States, but the presence of so many American women, many of them students and white collar workers, is a striking demonstration of that phenomenon.

★

WHO can say that Americans are not serious people? The myth used to be current that what primarily attracted them to France and to Paris was the night clubs, Montmartre and the pleasures of our seaside resorts. It has taken three years to revise this opinion.

Of course there are always Americans in Paris who go to Montparnasse or Montmartre night after night. But most of the time these gatherings develop a sort of family spirit where the visitors drink a few liqueurs and sing in chorus various songs of the country. I went to one of these soirées at Honey Johnson's; she is a former Broadway singer who opened a cabaret within a few steps of the Dôme and the Rotonde. The atmosphere was friendly and relaxed and it seemed to evoke reminiscences of the sea voyage and of mutual friends, to the accompaniment of two old song favorites, a whiskey and a fine champagne.

No, the remarkable thing which strikes my fellow-countrymen is that the visitor from Boston, Baltimore or Pittsburgh is much more interested in the "way of life of the people," in the environment, architecture, museums and theatres, than in cabarets. And that sets right a certain fantastic impression that the GI had left with us. Now we are accustomed to the idea that Americans in general are studious, serious and methodical. We have seen groups of engineers visiting our hydro-electric power dams, trade unionists investigating conditions in our factories, students and teachers spending weeks and weeks in our libraries and museums. Women with horn-rimmed glasses have even pushed the demon of knowledge to the point of taking notes in Renaissance chateaus or the Abbey of Mont Saint-Michel.

I, for my part, would almost fear that the Americans will become too methodical in their quest of France. There are hidden beauties which are revealed only to him who does not try to wrest their secret by force. I am afraid that many tourists want to go too fast and will think that they have compassed the French spirit after a fifteen-day bus tour and a few snatches of conversation with a bellboy or a guide. Happy are those who meditate; happy are those who dream and who wander about without apparent aim.

As I live but fifty miles from Chartres, I like, when I have a few hours, to go and sit before the great blue window to the right of the choir. It seems to me that there, better than anywhere else, it is possible to comprehend the mystical thought of the Middle Ages. I shiver when I see groups of tourists going through the cathedral at a breakneck pace, stopping one minute before the great rose window, ninety seconds before the statues of the north portal, granting God twenty-five seconds for a prayer if they do not forget it, and then piling into their buses to make an assault on other historic monuments. Then I feel like being rude, like taking someone by the sleeve and saying to him: "Stop! Forget about your next Loire chateau. Stay here, be silent, and recollect yourself. Here you can gather some hint of what eternity is; here you have what you can find nowhere else. . . ."

★

BUT I should not like to leave the impression that Americans generally conduct themselves as tourists who are in too great a hurry. I know a number of them who have truly sought to get to know the French family, how it lives, the difficulties it encounters and its idea of the world. How many Catholics this Holy Year took advantage of their few days in France or in Paris to visit certain parishes, a workers' mission, certain priests in the industrial suburbs. They are not the same as the American visitors we saw right after the liberation. They ask fewer questions and take fewer snapshots. They come in a spirit of sympathy without expecting to be able to understand everything after a few minutes.

But the art of traveling and of observing the customs of a foreign country is not an easy one. And I think that when we Frenchmen go to visit the United States these days we hardly cut a brilliant figure. I know that certain journalists and writers of ours have not refrained from evaluating American democracy after an overseas visit of five or six weeks.

ROBERT BARRAT.

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THE LABOR MOVEMENT

The Psychology of Union Leaders

I KNOW a man who used to argue about religion. "The trouble with Catholicism," he would say, "like all these fundamentalist Protestant groups, is that it puts too much emphasis on rewards and punishments, on heaven and hell. That's a crude kind of religion. The best kind of religion is the kind that emphasizes virtue for its own sake."

I remember reading once about a saint who loved God so much that he was willing to spend eternity in hell rather than displease Him. But even the saints don't talk like that very much.

A few days ago the New York *Times* ran an editorial in which it spanked Phil Murray, president of the CIO and also of the United Steelworkers, because he served notice on the steel companies that his union expected "a very healthy and substantial wage increase."

This is an interesting editorial that the man at the *Times* has written. He starts off with a quotation from Mr. Truman, from his message to Congress on July 19, which reads: "In these circumstances we must take action to insure that the increased national defense needs will be met, and that in the process we do not bring on inflation. . . . If we are to be successful there must be restrained action by business men, labor, farmers and consumers."

The *Times* man then mentions the fact that consumer credit has been contracted and how this means "a substantial reduction in the standard of living of the retail merchant." That is a dubious statement if the *Times* ever made one, and it has made plenty. But let it pass. He also shows how the credit contraction contemplated in the building industry "will mean a serious sacrifice" for the contractors and architects, which may be true and then again may not. And finally, he points to the rise in income taxes by which "the public generally will see its living standard reduced," which is a perfectly sound statement, though honesty compels me to point out that a family with four children and not too much money may be hit for as little as ten cents more a week.

Then the *Times* man says with a self-righteous whine in his voice, "All these things fit into the general pattern of national sacrifice that is to be expected when war threatens. But how, we should like to know, are they to be reconciled with the activities of the nation's big labor leaders?"

Consider for a moment the precision of this reasoning. The man has mentioned three examples of compulsory restraints, one of which has not yet been applied, two of which are greatly limited in their effect upon the business community, and only one of which is both in existence and widespread in its effect, namely, the tax increase.

The man fails to mention all the failures of business to restrain itself in the matter of prices, failures which preceded the main wage drive and he fails to mention also that the big wage increases in the auto industry were a free gift, springing mainly from the desire of Chrysler to get back into the good graces of its employees after a long and bitter strike. Then he singles out, for comparison with *compulsory* sacrifices, the failure of labor leaders to make a sensational *voluntary* sacrifice in the matter of wages.

Perhaps the *Times* man is paying a left-handed tribute to the idealism and nobility of the labor movement when he singles it out for his call to heroism and passes over all the manufacturers and merchants and farmers and contractors who have been getting theirs.

Consider the sacrifice he wants Murray to make. Murray should ignore entirely the "healthy and substantial" rise in the cost of living.

Murray should also ignore the fabulous profits enjoyed by the steel industry, which has prudently taken advantage of every wage increase over the past five years to shove up prices whether or not there was any need for it and there usually wasn't. So that today, as the CIO points out, "twenty leading steel producers report net profits (after taxes) of $359 million in the first half of 1950, an annual rate of $718 million, and an increase of nearly 45 percent over the profits reported by these same companies for the full year 1949." And 1949, as you may remember, was a pretty fabulous year itself.

Steelworkers average about $64 a week. This is above the national average in manufacturing for September, which stood at $60.53 for a work week of 40.9 hours. And this in turn is far above the average wage throughout industry in general. But take the highest figure, $64 a week. Have you yourself ever had to raise a family on that kind of money?

★

BUT beside all this, there is still a fascinating clinical problem presented by the mind of that editorial writer in the *Times*. How does he imagine that labor leaders think and feel and react to the ordinary facts of life?

People are moved, attracted or repelled, by rewards and punishments, and labor leaders are nothing if not people. A group of union officials go into negotiations in the fall of 1950, and what are they thinking about? They are not thinking about keeping their demands down so as to lessen the chances of inflation. They are thinking that they better get "a healthy and substantial increase," or the membership is going to be sore.

And when they aren't thinking that, they are probably thinking this: if I get a big increase, with maybe a few fringe benefits, and perhaps even a shorter work week, then I will be a big shot and the boys will have to sit up and take notice. Not only will I be all set in the union, but I might stand a chance for president of the joint council; I could run for vice-president of the

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central trades; I might even—just give me time, that's all.

And what are the employers and the vice-presidents in charge of personnel thinking? Most of them are not thinking about keeping prices down because they might know or believe anything about the idea of a just price or because they want to stop inflation. As they enter negotiations, they are thinking this: now if I can just talk these guys into taking five cents an hour instead of ten, then we will still have a good excuse to raise prices and we can clear fifteen percent on the investment and pay a nice dividend. And if we do that, there'll be no more criticism from Stammis and his crew at the next board meeting. They might even make me president; and from there—just give me time, that's all.

It has often been said that *legally* the only obligation an employer has is to his stockholders. It is not quite true. The Wagner Act added a few obligations to labor and even the Taft-Hartley Act could not remove them all. Other New Deal laws added obligations to the public. In fact, long before the New Deal the anti-trust laws, in their own fuzzy, inefficient way, had imposed upon business the alien idea that the public interest must come first.

But these are obligations of a negative sort; they set up limits, barbed wire fences beyond which an employer dares not go without running the risk of tearing his pants. Unless he owns some wire clippers in the form of a smart lawyer. And the same is true of labor leaders. Other than the overpowering obligation to the membership, the only compulsions they feel are the negative ones, the punishments.

★

IT IS THE problem of rewards that we must think about if we are to develop any kind of public spirit on the part of labor leaders or employers. The unusual man might believe that his reward in the next world is more than sufficient pay-off for his sacrifices here. And the very unusual man might think that virtue is its own reward. But you can't count on unusual men.

What we need is a whole organization of labor-management committees, industry councils, economic congresses, where a man can stand up and be a big shot because he is able to tell how his union rose to the challenge and exercised a little self-restraint in a crisis. Men don't live in a vacuum. If the common good is to have meaning, it must find organizations and agencies that will put flesh on it and literature to give it voice.

There is a limit to this kind of thing. Even though they are part of the government and sit in the seats of the mighty, the British labor leaders were not able to hold back the tide of wage demands forever. But can you imagine American labor leaders, from the still despised position they occupy in our society, ignoring their members' cries for more money for any time at all under similar circumstances? Man does not live by bread alone, but if we want him to rise above such common fare we had better begin thinking about how to supply him with a few good nourishing substitutes.

JOHN C. CORT.

The Stage

THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW

FREDERICK LONSDALE'S new comedy keeps trying to be an amiable little evening, and every once in a while it comes up with a line that is bright enough to make you hope it may manage to struggle through. But the blight is upon it, and the occasional passages of successful humor have a wistful air about them, as though they meant well but just weren't up to it these days.

I suppose that is the truth of the matter. Lonsdale is, or has been, a man of polished flippantry, witty about trifles and iconoclastic about everything else. Manners comedy always is iconoclastic about everything except manners, and there is a pleasant place in the theatre for the airy dismissal of everything except the ability to compose an epigram. Unfortunately, and quite apart from the possibility that Mr. Lonsdale's own powers are failing him, the world is failing him. It no longer provides him with a secure society in which it is both possible and pleasant to be cynical, and the jokes, even when they are good ones, come out sounding a little rueful.

★

THE very setting which Mr. Lonsdale has chosen for his play ought to have warned him. It is an ancestral English castle which is being dismantled for debt—the sofa, immemorial seat of the epigram, is uncomfortably jostled by packing cases—and the titled inhabitants, whose only responsibility until now has been to be charming, are being dispossessed. There is here none of the complacency which makes light conduct possible, and while we may disagree with S. N. Behrman's notion that it is no time for comedy, what is perfectly clear is that these are hard times indeed for irresponsible comedy. The process of toying with values and turning them upside down for the fun that can be got out of it is a legitimate enough sport, but you first have to be awfully sure that they are not going to come apart in your hands.

All the contemporary writers of irresponsible comedy —Coward, Behrman, Lonsdale—have had to deal with the problem. Coward has dropped the comedy and gone in for an equally irresponsible sentimentality, occasionally for pious patriotism. Behrman is still casting about for a satisfactory alternative. Lonsdale has recognized the difficulty, and attempted to meet it, by introducing into the living room one responsible character. His hero is a high-minded younger brother of the family who is determined to start over, and to be worth his keep. But being high-minded, he is serious, and being serious, he destroys that air of frivolity without which the other characters cannot breathe. (*At the Booth*)

WALTER KERR.

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The Screen

Crawford, Crawford, Burning Bright

IT is hard to decide in this week's program of films which offers the most frightening menace: the wild animals that threaten a safari in a beautifully-made African movie, the Indians who attack Errol Flynn and friends in an exciting western, or the selfishly possessive American woman who dominates her husband and everyone else who crosses her path.

Portraying the last of these menaces, and perhaps the worst because she's hardest to fight, Joan Crawford succeeds at least in making *"Harriet Craig"* beautiful to look at. But Miss Crawford is working against odds in trying to make the role convincing. It is not her fault that this verision of George Kelly's Pulitzer Prize play is almost a travesty on the original idea. Besides changing the name from "Craig's Wife," the scriptwriters also made other changes and Harriet is now so hopelessly neurotic that one wonders how much she is to be blamed for her evil deeds. One also wonders why on earth her husband (effectively played in a muted tone by Wendell Corey) has stuck around all these years without getting wise to Harriet. In fact one wonders why anyone has anything to do with her at all.

William Dozier has given the movie a good-looking and well-cast production, but Director Vincent Sherman has handled the events that bring Harriet's reign to a climax in such a talky and stagey manner that you can hardly wait for the big scene in which Craig finally smashes the vase which is his wife's prize possession. The script explains Harriet's hatred for men through a traumatic experience she had years ago when she found her drunken father carrying on with a young girl. So Harriet was determined to make her marriage a success; and her method as we see was most perverse. Her house became a symbol of security; her possessions were her god; and the people around her were part of her possessions. When her cousin (K. T. Stevens) tries to leave, Harriet breaks up her romance. When her husband is offered a business trip to Japan, Harriet lies to Craig's boss and ruins the opportunity. Harriet is indeed a she-devil; and unless she's turned over to a psychiatrist and cured, the only other escape for those around her is to run away. No doubt some of us know a woman like Harriet Craig; maybe seeing this movie helps us release our anger against her. In any case it's not exactly an entertaining experience.

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YOU'LL find the excitement stirred up by *"King Solomon's Mines"* much more gratifying. Scriptwriter Helen Deutsch didn't worry too much about the plot in this popular novel which H. Rider Haggard wrote in 1885; as a matter of fact this simple plot (about

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an English woman, prompted by guilty feelings, who goes with her brother and guide to search for her husband who disappeared years ago in the African interior) is merely a device on which Producer Sam Zimbalist and Directors Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton have hung some tremendously thrilling adventures.

Deborah Kerr, looking quite lovely, and Richard Carlson are guided by Stewart Granger through very formidable country. They are pursued by savages and beasts. They trek across a desert. A boa constrictor attacks Miss Kerr. She is repelled by bugs, the cruelty of the natives, and the idea well put over by her guide that jungle survival involves eating and not being eaten: man is meat like everything else. And when our three searchers finally find the mines for which Deborah's husband was looking, a witch doctor buries them with the treasure. Just to keep up your spirits, I must quickly add that this is one of the handsomest films I've seen in a long time. The African scenes were taken on location. The Technicolor is excellent; and it must have been no small task to take these cameras into Tanganika, Kenya Colony and the Belgian Congo. The results are worth the effort; and you and your kids will enjoy or squirm through every minute of this safari. Don't miss it.

★

I AM sure that Hollywood would have been very hard up for plots for westerns if there hadn't been any Civil War. They've used the post-war situation in many a story about raiders and empire builders; and they've used incidents from the war itself as the background for many an exciting horse opera. *"Rocky Mountain"* is a good example of the latter plot device. Errol Flynn portrays a Confederate officer traveling with a small band of men who are in California to persuade outlaws to join their group and control the West for the Confederacy. They save a girl (Patrice Wymore) from Indians, and it turns out that this girl was on her way to join her fiancé, an officer in the Union Army. Flynn and his men succeed in capturing the Yankee patrol when it arrives—and then the whole group, Yanks and Rebs, have to face the Indians.

The story is obvious, but the execution in this case makes for top excitement in the western genre. Director William Keighley paid more attention to characterization than usual, but he did not slight the real assets of a western: beautiful scenery, fast riding, hard fighting, and a great respect for the out-of-doors. The Indian attack at the finale is really something.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Of Note

DEFENDING THE FAITH

AN ARTICLE originally published in *Stimmen der Zeit* by Max Pribilla is found in the October issue of the English *Month* (114 Mount Street, W.I., London). The article is entitled "Dogmatic Intolerance and Civil Toleration." Here are the concluding paragraphs.

Religious freedom has its dangers, as history shows, but it has advantages which deserve consideration. To approve of religious freedom means to take the militant Church seriously, in the way her divine Founder foretold. The Church on earth is not the triumphant Church, with her faith unattacked and her rights sacred; she is a militant Church, continually beset by enemies (John 15:20). A Church which is carefully sheltered by the State against the blasts of criticism hardly corresponds with the picture which Christ sketched.

Moreover, Pius X says that people "grievously err who imagine or hope for a completely undisturbed condition for the Church, in which everything happens as they want, no one resists the Church's authority, and they themselves can enjoy leisure and comfort." The Catholic who is always asking for special protection and privileges from the State gives the impression that he is too lazy to overcome his enemies by himself.

Use of force weakens the powers of the spirit; dispensing with it spurs them on. Indeed, we can ask whether, human nature being what it is, the Church would benefit if she were free from all attack. St. Ignatius prayed that his Order should always have to suffer persecution. And Saint Augustine has said in forthright terms that heretics prevent the militant Church's becoming a sleeping Church. When there is free competition between religious bodies, the Church is more zealous in looking after souls. Saint Thomas could speak of the simple faithful whose faith is firm because they have never heard views different from those they have been taught, but today such people are growing rare. We no longer breathe the Catholic atmosphere; even the ether waves bring the attacks on our faith. To escape them we should have to leave the world altogether (I Cor. 5:10). The old means of defense are no longer adequate: we must go out into spiritual combat.

Spiritual combat with spiritual weapons is clearly a high ideal: though the ideal is never fully realized, it is worth striving for. Certainly, in comparison with past ages, the present generation has no reason to boast; for we have experienced in our

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enlightened century religious persecutions which make the inquisition seem mild by comparison.

All Christendom today is threatened with attack. In this critical hour it is the peremptory duty of all Christians to unite in defense. To do so the Christian Churches must renounce the use of force and oppression and decide spiritual matters with spiritual weapons. That means that they must not only claim freedom of religion for themselves, but guarantee it to others as well.

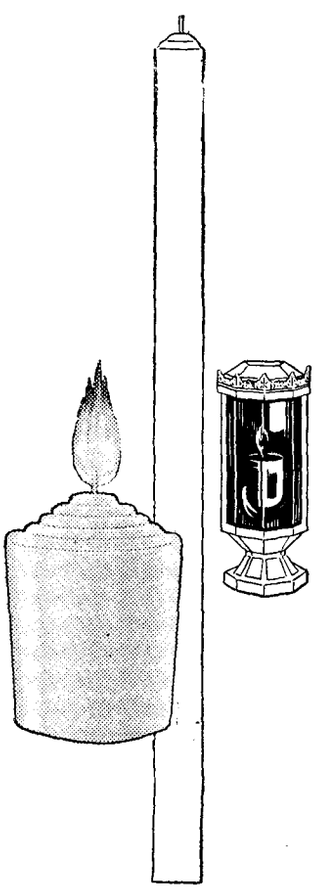
We should do well to end on a note of caution. Whoever touches upon the relations between the separated Christian communities should do so with the greatest tact and delicacy, because there are so many sensitive points. The subject of this essay is clearly one of them.

Discussion of these points must be as practical as possible and recognize the fact that men and nations, despite difference of religious belief, have to live with one another in peace. That is why the words with which Brandi, the editor of *Civiltà Catholica,* ended an essay on a similar subject in June, 1902 are valuable today: "To treat such delicate questions without taking into account the changed condition of the Church today is always useless, and often imprudent and harmful as well, since it opens the door to discord and to polemics of hate."

PERSON AND POLITICS

THE Autumn number of *The American Benedictine Review* (Saint Mary's Abbey, High Street, Newark 2, N. J.) includes an article on "The Foundations of Christian Democracy," by Dom Aelred Graham, O.S.B. The distinction between individuality and personality is discussed:

> . . . individuality is rooted in matter, while the basis of personality is spirit. To give rein to one's individuality is to emphasize the self at the expense of others, to become more and more the egoist. It is in this sphere that one man's gain is another man's loss, for material goods are by their nature limited and so breed divisions and mutual envy. When men's actions move at this level their conduct cannot but be antisocial. . . . Personality, on the other hand, is not self-absorbed but communes freely with others, feeling no urge to overreach them. Its riches are not of a kind that can be scrambled for or that diminish in the use. Such knowledge and love as we have we do not lose by sharing with others. Indeed, since personality is orientated outward and lives by intercourse with its like, the human person is actually enhanced by giving himself in loving service to others. Here there opens before us the gospel paradox, that only by losing our lives in the cause do we truly find them.



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The Lone-Child Story

For a century juvenile literature has slighted the "gang" instinct.

By CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

THE development of children's literature is relatively new. It is about a hundred years old. But it has already passed through several stages reflecting different points of view. There was the moralizing story, and the story where all children with initiative were considered naughty, and the story where good children die young, the sob story, and so forth. Then as children's psychology became better known, children's literature humanized itself. Now there were stories that disclosed their own ethic without pointing it out, stories brimful of activity, stories where life's tragedy is looked straight in the face without morbidness, without evasion. Much indeed has been achieved, both in the substance and in the presentation of children's books, especially in America. Identification with the inner aspirations of childhood is much less exceptional among writers of children's books now than it was a hundred years ago.

Adventure, which is the keynote of children's books regardless of the subject matter, has been explored in all sorts of ways. This gold mine of endless possibilities seems to have been thrown wide open to us children's writers. We just have to keep tapping this precious source of wonder, and if we have some ability, better still some genius, works can be created perennially for the interest and delight of children. All new works, to be sure, but all coming out of the same vein.

How could it be different? Is not the human adventure itself basically the same?

It is. However some of its characteristics may be more or less stressed at one particular time. When we survey broadly the field of children's stories for the last hundred years, we cannot help noticing that, notwithstanding the profound differences of approach to a situation, there is a common denominator which runs right straight through the whole production. That is the story of the lone child.

Not the only child. Not the lonely child. The lone child. The child may live in a large family, or in a school. Yet the story is written in terms of an individual, or of individuals. It is a one-hero pattern. Jo, in *Little Women,* Pinocchio, Hans Brinker, Peter Pan, Tom Sawyer, Nils Holgerssen. The family aspect of the story breaks through the limits of the individual's story only in a restricted sense. It is a self-contained world.

But does the epic of the single individual, the one-hero pattern, the lone-child story, cover the whole of human adventure?

Some of us are familiar with the 10- or 12-year-old boy who comes home from the library loaded with a stack of nothing but sports books. We may sigh. Or we may say lightly that "it will pass." But have we ever paused and wondered what the sports books stand for? Is it the epic of the single individual? Hardly. In a sports book the thrill is not to make good singly, not even as a family, but as a team. The liking for sports books does not rest wholly on the fact that games are a national institution in America. In my opinion, the thrill of the sports book lies deep in that side of human nature so little catered to up to this time—the mutual aid instinct, as Kropotkin called it.

Why should its expression be confined to sports books? Delight in co-operation is strong in children, in boys especially. We adults forget it, until it hits us in the form of a sensational newspaper heading: a gang of boys wrecked the inside of a church or looted a store. Then some people are all for suppressing the gangs by force, others would like to see all the boys enrolled in the Boy Scouts. A few people, like the late beloved Father Flanagan, understand boys and their love of the "gang;" these are the people who found a Boys' Town in America, a Children's Village in Italy, a Children's Republic in France. They are conscious of the fact that they have to deal with a fundamental human need.

★

ARE children's writers aware of that need? We are supposed to be people able to recapture our own childhood. Why is it that we seem to have forgotten a whole category of yearning? Don't we remember our dreams of daring deeds, entirely concocted and achieved by us and our playmates alone, to the total exclusion of adults? The thrill of the team, the group, the gang, the exaltation of the complete loyalty to it, "unto death" (and we meant it).

Many explanations for our forgetfulness can be offered. In this article I would like to examine just one point which seems to me particularly important.

Thought cannot be divorced from economics. The fact that it was Marx who made this point should not prejudice us against the truth in it. It does not mean, of course, that those in power dictate the pattern of stories. Nothing so crude. It is the economic set-up itself which influences people unconsciously.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP *is the author of France Alive and the recent All Things Common. She has written several children's books, the latest of which is Christopher the Giant.*

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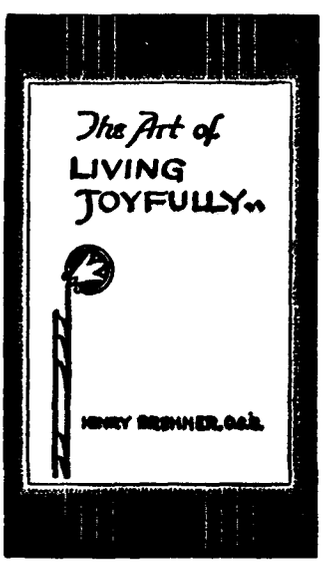
- CLIMBING UP TO HEAVEN by Henry Brenner, O.S.B. $1.00

GRAIL BOOKS, Published by The Grail, St. Meinrad, Indiana



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A perusal of children's stories in America for the last hundred years reveals this country to be the land of individual achievement, of the self-made man. Far be it from me to minimize the importance and value of such an ideal. In fact, perhaps only a European can appreciate to the full the American pattern which gave everyone a chance. But this should not prevent us from keeping our minds open for possible improvements. The American economic set-up for the last hundred years has been capitalism, and capitalism nurtures rugged individualism. It employs the competitive instinct. It ignores the co-operative instinct. Therefore it is natural that out of such soil would spring children's books magnifying the lone individual.

Children like those books. They should. Those stories deal with a very real side of man which should never be forgotten. But what about the other side? The longing for co-operation, I hold, never dies completely in children, even when society has practically crushed it. Throughout childhood, in our present economic set-up, it disappears slowly, from sheer starvation, or else, if it is unusually strong, it plays havoc in destructive associations.

★

IT WAS always most unfortunate that so few children's writers cared to feed and exalt the co-operative instinct in children. But now this lack is even more serious, because now the whole world is in search of a new style of living where co-operation, human relationship, takes precedence over personal success. Now is the time for Americans to value something more: the opportunity of becoming a self-made man has to unfold and become the opportunity of being a person in society.

Of course it would be ridiculous and totally ineffectual if writers of children's books were to sit down and say, Now let us cater to the co-operative instinct, which is shooting ahead so fast everywhere. No good book has ever been written that way. All writers of children's books know that what they write has to come out spontaneously, in fact much less by thinking than by "tuning in," so to speak. Our first job is to hold ourselves in readiness in order to be in constant touch, and I mean something akin to physical touch, with the pulse of the world. We have to be like an antenna, ever ready to receive messages which may remain unknown to other people for quite a time.

Writers of children's books have one great advantage over other writers. The children are already familiar with these new trends in co-operation and human relationship which spring from a deep well in human nature. Adults may feel the need of putting tags on the manifestations of man's search for a more fraternal way—such as socialism or communism. But children take it all in stride. It is what they dreamed about, what they tried repeatedly to create, most of the time clandestinely, because, of course, "grown-ups would not understand." What a joy to them, when *one* grown-up understands and shows it in a book. At last, here is an adult who

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"Beautifully written story of Costa Rica with a lovable nine-year-old hero. Grandpapa's ox has died and Tony wishes to surprise him with a new one to draw his painted cart. Pictures, characterization and plot all make this a 'must'."—*Horn Book*
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By Ruth Sawyer
Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

Sunshine on a Florida island and long days at the beach. Stunning color illustrations of the ocean and the boats, of Michael, his shell collection, and his "live" toy horse. *Ages 6-10* *$2.50*

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By Ellen Tarry
Illustrated by Oliver Harrington
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knows how terribly important a "gang" is to each one of its members, and how thrilling beyond words its achievement!

★

SOME people may say: "Is this not akin to doing away with the individual," a precious Judeo-Christian heritage? Is not the soul of *each* man important? Is not redemption for each one of us singly? Personalists and Christian existentialists have shown how erroneous it is to single out the individual, instead of furthering the *person*. The needs of the person are many. The sanctity of the person is real but it does not exist divorced from human relationship. Working together for a common goal is not an end in itself, but it is a means necessary to the growth of the soul.

In the literature of children's books are there any stories in which, voluntarily and apart from adults, children take the initiative of getting together and of achieving a certain goal?

I shall name a few. As far as I know the first book of this kind was *Emil and the Detectives,* which Viking Press had the foresight to bring out in 1929. Another is *The Otterbury Incident,* by the English poet, C. D. Lewis (Viking, 1949). Both are detective stories, a bit on the sensational side, which to my mind is nothing to worry about considering the basic excellence of the writing. *Three and a Pigeon,* by Kitty Barnes (Dodd Mead, 1944) and *A Club of Small Men,* by Colin McPhee (Coward, 1948) are two others. *Blue Spring Farm,* by this writer, (Viking, 1948) is the story of a club of children in Pennsylvania who study music and raise a crop of beets on the side. Out of these five books, four are written by Europeans; I take Mr. McPhee to be pure American. In all these stories the writers did not try to demonstrate or preach. They just acted, I dare say, like radio sets receptive to child life. They were not thinking about the communal drift of world events.

There is another kind of book in this category that is more or less involved in propaganda of one sort or another. Such is *Willow Hill,* by Phyllis A. Whitney (Reynal & Hitchcock, 1947), the story of a girls' school newspaper with a Negro student on its editing board. Then there are all John Tunis's sports books. It is unfortunate that, well meant as it is, there is a good deal of anti-prejudice preaching in these thrilling stories. However it is not this aspect of his books which we consider here, but the co-operative and human relationship side that is outstanding in all these sports books. It makes one wonder if the normal approach to the co-operative instinct in America is not first through sports. Is it because sports, which emphasize team-work, preserve at the same time the competitive instinct?

★

GENERALLY speaking the field of books which reflect the communitarian trend is practically untouched. It is still an unexplored world. To me it spells unknown and immense stretches of wonder. We have gone very far on the lone child story road—I believe, as far as we can. Now the time has come to take

SMALL CHILDREN

of the age that want to be read to, can now become acquainted with the teachings of *The Imitation of Christ*—and like it. This is the doing of **Father Jean Plaquevent,** a French Priest, whose work is with destitute children and who plainly is the man for the job: he loves and understands children, and knows that they will approach Our Lord more easily if He is a child too. So the book

JESUS AND I
($1.75)

is in the form of conversations between the Child Jesus and the child to whom the book is being read. All are on matters of the greatest interest to them both—the tiresomeness of having to do what you are told, of having to pick up your toys, the difficulty of being polite to visitors who interrupt important games, the niceness of candy. . . . It's pointed out, too, that these are only the beginnings of such conversations, you can go on talking to the Holy Child whenever you like.

ADVENTURE STORY AGE

(which we take to be from about 10 to 14) is the age for **Marigold Hunt's**

ST. PATRICK'S SUMMER
($2.50)

On this we will let **Father John S. Kennedy** speak: we haven't been able to say what we feel about this book half so well as he has:

> "A highly admirable book which, while telling a charming, humor-flecked story about two very real and very likable children, makes Catholic theology comprehensible, dramatic, and of intense personal moment. If, carried along by Miss Hunt's uncommon skill at explaining and interesting in a seemingly offhand way, you think this is easy, try it sometime . . .
>
> "Her capital accomplishment is putting lofty and sometimes involved doctrine in such a way that, without sacrificing a bit of it, it is readily understandable by a child. For example, her treatment of the Trinity, the supernatural life, the justice of our sharing original sin, the lot of babies who die unbaptized, the reason for Our Lord's passion and death—this is superlative teaching."

For other Catholic books for children, see the Christmas issue of Sheed & Ward's **OWN TRUMPET**—if you don't get a copy, write to **Lucy MacGill.** The Trumpet is one of the few things that hasn't gone up in price: it still comes free and postpaid.

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KATHLEEN NORRIS
writes her first book for young people
MORNING LIGHT

➡ The well-known American novelist writes a happy story of the red-headed Carmichael twins lively first year in a convent boarding school. Ages up to 12. $2.50

Illustrated by Pelagie Doane

Newbery Award 1950

THE DOOR IN THE WALL
by Marguerite de Angeli – A story of 14th-century England. "The pictures are as lovely as Mrs. de Angeli ever made, and Robin a fine hero."—*New York Herald Tribune.* Illustrated in color and black-and-white. $2.50

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up the communitarian venture which, far from dissolving each personality, makes it on the contrary more complete.

Writers of children's books do not have to wait for a resetting of the structure of society. In America they can break the trail toward the new world where human relationship is more important than the possession of things or one's own private success. In this bold departure from the beaten path, writers of children's books will not be lonely: children will flock around them eagerly. They, the children, never quite forgot the way.

Children's Books

The following list of interesting children's books published this year has been prepared by the editors with the assistance of Ernestine Evans, who has several years experience in this field.

Picture Books for Younger Children

Cocolo's Home. Bettina. Harper. $2.50. A small donkey returns from America to his colorful native island in the Mediterranean in the normally vain effort to recapture his youth.

The Two Reds. William Lipkind and Nicolas Mordvinoff. Harcourt. $2.00. Every page of this story of the adventures of a red-headed boy and his cat in the city streets boasts a colored illustration.

Dick Whittington and His Cat. Marcia Brown. Scribners. $1.75. Here, every paragraph of a well-known tale is illustrated with an unusual black and gold linoleum cut.

Pictures of France by Her Children. Edited by Marion B. Cothren. Oxford. $1.50.

A Boat for Peppe. Leo Politi. Scribners. $2.00. Adventures of the son of a Sicilian-American fisherman growing up with his family in Monterey, California.

One Horse Farm. Dahlov Ipcar. Doubleday. $2.00. A boy and a horse grow up together on a farm, immersed in the progress of the seasons. Four-color illustrations of the farm itself and its various animals.

Mr. Mushroom. Louis Slobodkin. Macmillan. $1.25.

The Water That Jack Drank. William R. Scott, pictures by Charles G. Shaw. William R. Scott. $1.50. How our drinking water gets from the clouds to the kitchen tap. Cleverly and graphically told.

Country Train. Jerrold Bein, illustrated by Leonard Shortall. Morrow. $2.00. A little country train and an old engine confront a modern streamliner and supply an engineer's son with an added cause for filial pride.

Dozens of Cousins. Mabel Watts. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. Whittlesey. $2.00. These fabulous people

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are encountered in various countries visited by a Boston family traveling in Europe.

Kiki Skates. Charlotte Steiner. Doubleday. $1.25. A little girl visits her grandmother's farm in upstate New York one winter vacation and goes in for a lot of winter sports.

The Calf That Flew Away. Andre Dugo. Holt. $2.00. It was eating marsh grass that made him buoyant.

The Pirate Twins. William Nicholson. Coward-McCann. $2.00. Current re-issue of an old favorite.

What Do They Say? Grace Skaar. William Scott. $1.00. When you read this to the very young, the various domestic animals will not be found to utter anything beyond their familiar sounds, but the drawings say a lot.

Golden Books

DRUGSTORES, candy shops and super-markets now serve as outlets for Simon and Schuster's twenty-five cent Golden Books. It is the easiest thing in the world to pick up these bargains for younger children. They have many virtues: good colors, legible type and durable bindings. They are clearly mass production objects but outstanding artists are employed in nearly every case. Current volumes deal with such characters as Cinderella, Donald Duck, Bugs Bunny, Mickey Mouse and Howdy Doody, as well as animal pets, school, cowboys, policemen and Christmas.

Children 7-12

Diesel-Electric 4030. Henry Billings. Viking. $2.50. The vantage point of the artist-narrator is the cab of a diesel locomotive and what he has to say is vouched for both by the New York Central and by General Motors.

Jack O'Moora and the King of Ireland's Son. Bryan MacMahon. Dutton. $2.00. A story of a journey into the country of giants. Liltingly told.

The Most Wonderful Doll in the World. Phyllis McGinley. Lippincott. $1.75. A lost doll, whose virtues snowball like a rumor as the search progresses. An attractive story enhanced by the drawings of Helen Stone.

The Runaway Elephant. Ellen Tarry. Pictures by Oliver Harrington. Viking. $2.00. Harlem and Westchester are the scenes of a feverish animal hunt.

A Bell for Ursli. Selma Chonz. Illustrated by Alois Carigiet. Oxford. $2.50. A festival to celebrate the

Stories to ENTERTAIN Young People

THE BOATSWAIN'S BOY
By Robert C. Du Soe

Kidnapped on his way to join his ship, Midshipman Jonithan Amery is plunged into the War of 1812. He takes part in sea battles, is taken prisoner, escapes to rejoin his countrymen, and finally returns to the United States in command of a prize ship. A vigorous tale of a brave and adventurous time in our history. *Decorations by Arthur Harper.*
Ages 12-16 $2.25

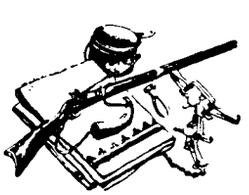
DUFF: The Story of a Bear
By William Marshall Rush

A thrilling tale of a wonderful black bear, Duff, who lives high in the Rocky Mountains. From a curious cub to the time he becomes a full-grown bear, Duff's many adventures include contacts and contests with other animals and a terrific fight with a huge grizzly—after which he becomes the leader of the bears. Illustrated by *Gardell Dano Christensen.* Ages 12-16 $2.25

WINTER WEDDING
By Martha Barnhart Harper

A warm, absorbing family story. Belle Barnhart leaves home in Pennsylvania to teach in Iowa after her betrothed is killed in the Civil War. Time slowly heals her deep grief, and inevitably there are suitors once more for the attractive Belle. Her problem in finally choosing the right man is one older girls will love reading about.
Ages 14-up $2.50

MAKE WAY FOR THE BRAVE
By Merritt Parmelee Allen



". . . one of the best pioneer stories that this reviewer has read for many a day. It is a saga of the Oregon trail, of the terrible . . . journey across the Rocky Mountains and on to the mouth of the Columbia River. The strength of the story lies not only in the vivid chronicles of the journey but in the characters. Red (the hero) is in every way a boy whom the young people of today can understand and admire."—*Saturday Review. Decorations by Kreigh Collins.*
Ages 12-16. $2.50

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The New York Times says about

CHRISTOPHER THE GIANT

By Claire Huchet Bishop

with illustrations by Berkeley Williams, Jr.

"St. Christopher is undoubtedly one of the most beloved saints in the calendar. Many children know the story of how the pagan giant earned his name of Christ Bearer, but how many have heard the other legends which cluster around the traveler's saint? Here Mrs. Bishop has woven the most important legends together into a smoothly connected narrative. The style is brisk, chatty . . . like the pictures. Yet the use of modern words and idioms helps to make this third-century saint seem a real and vital figure, and his consecration to Christ's service applicable to our own time. This is the first of a projected series of lives of the saints planned by Mrs. Bishop."

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REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S.J.,
The Catholic Medical Mission Board,
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coming of spring in the Engardine Mountains of Switzerland.

All Kinds of Time. Harry Behn. Harcourt. $2.00. Little verses, trick designs and conventional drawings which bring out various aspects of the passage of time for men and the universe.

Animal Folk Songs for Children. Ruth Crawford Seeger. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. Doubleday. $2.50. Forty folk songs successfully used in nursery schools tell of wild and domestic animals.

Religion

Christopher the Giant. Claire Huchet Bishop. Houghton. $1.50. The colorful legend of Saint Christopher and how he came to be the patron saint of travelers in every land.

Jesus and I. Jean Plaquevent. Sheed and Ward. $1.75. Informal conversations on a variety of earthly and celestial subjects between a contemporary child and the Child Jesus.

The Trapp Family Book of Christmas Songs. Selected and arranged by Franz Wasner. Pantheon. $2.75. Words and music for carols sung in many lands; the author is the musical director of the Trapp Family Singers.

The Christmas Story as Told by Saint Luke and Saint Matthew. Edited by Marguerite Northrup. Pantheon. $2.95. The text is from the Douay version and the fifteen full-color plates are taken from paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the National Gallery of Art in Washington.

Saint Patrick's Summer. Marigold Hunt. Sheed and Ward. $2.50. Imaginary conversations between two English children and various saints they talk to in the course of a summer. The object is to present theology informally, if accurately, to older children.

Biography for Older Children

Amos Fortune, Free Man. Elizabeth Yeats. Aladdin. $2.50. An eighteenth-century African slave who purchased his freedom in the United States at the age of sixty and then liberated three other American slaves.

Sir Walter Raleigh. Geoffrey Trease. Vanguard. $2.50. A recreating of Elizabethan swashbuckling by a specialist of the times.

John Henry and His Hammer. Harold W. Felton. Knopf. $2.50. The feats of an American folklore character akin to the prodigious Paul Bunyan.

Gandhi's Story. Shakuntala Masani. Oxford. $2.50.

Mahatma Gandhi. Catherine Owens Peare. Holt. $2.75. (with photographs).

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Gandhi, Fighter Without A Sword. Jeanette Eaton. Morrow. $3.00.

Benjamin Franklin. Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Doubleday. $2.50. Copiously illustrated in black and white and four-color drawings.

"Landmark Series"

THE first ten of a series of forty dramatically narrated volumes, each of them dealing with a single important happening in American history, are now being published by Random House at $1.50 each. These first volumes concern themselves with Columbus, the Pilgrims, Paul Revere, Lee and Grant, the Wright Brothers and others.

Stories for Older Children

Morning Light. Kathleen Norris. Doubleday. $2.50. Life in a large family, and primarily in a convent school, in present-day California, as seen by a twelve-year-old.

Duff: The Story of a Bear. William Marshall Rush. Longmans. $2.25. Duff grows up in the Rockies.

The Land and People of Mexico. Elsa Larralde. Lippincott. $2.50. Attractive text and good halftones.

Teru, A Tale of Yokohama. Lucy Herndon Crockett. Holt. $2.50. The impact of defeat and occupation upon a little girl and her family in Japan, particularly their reactions to the GI's. Artfully told by a woman who knows her Japan.

The Second Saint Nicholas Anthology. Henry Steele Commager. Random. $5.00. Grown-ups will like this, too.

History

Passage to America. Katherine B. Shippen. Harper. $2.50. How the various peoples from Europe and Asia came to settle in America and what each made of it.

Chaim Weizmann, Builder of a Nation. Rachel Baker. Messner. $2.75. The story of the first President of Israel and of his nation.

Partners, United Nations and Youth. Eleanor Roosevelt and Helen Ferris. Doubleday. $2.50.

A Hundred Bridges to Go. Agnes Danforth Hewes. Dodd, Mead. $2.50. The feat of building the Alaskan Highway.

Indians of the Long House. Sonia Bleeker. Morrow. $2.00. The first of a series on various American tribes tells the story of the Iroquois on this continent before the coming of the white man.

HARCOURT, BRACE

Books for Young People

ALL KINDS OF TIME

Written and illustrated by HARRY BEHN. "One of the most charming picture-story books of 1950 . . . Time has always held fascination and wonder for children."—ANNE CARROLL MOORE, *The Horn Book.* Ages 5 and up. $2.00

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By WILLIAM LIPKIND. Illustrations by NICOLAS MORDVINOFF. "Gay, funny . . . The art work is brilliant; the text equally so . . . boys about six to eight will laugh at a boy and a cat right off a New York street."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* $2.00

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Written and illustrated by WILFRID S. BRONSON. "Makes very good family reading. It's informative and funny with entertaining pictures."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.* Ages 6 and up. $2.00

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By JULIE FORSYTH BATCHELOR. Illustrated by CORINNE B. DILLON. "So lively and exciting that third and fourth grade readers wish to read it to themselves, and so unpretentiously written that they are able to do so."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Ages 7-10. $2.00

THE HOMEMADE YEAR

By MILDRED LAWRENCE. Illustrated by SUSANNE SUBA. "Vicky has spunk and imagination and the setting is most interesting."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* Ages 9-12. $2.25

COWBOY JOE OF THE CIRCLE S

By HELEN RUSHMORE. Illustrated by PETER BURCHARD. "How a small eight-year-old greenhorn becomes a real cowboy is charmingly told in this simple little story with plenty of chuckles."—VIRGINIA KIRKUS. Ages 8-12. $2.00

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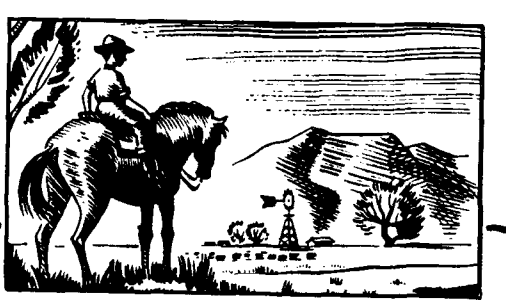

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The Chinese Puzzle

By HAROLD C. HINTON

"IF YOU know yourself and know your enemy, in one hundred battles you will win one hundred victories," runs an ancient Chinese proverb. The leaders of the Chinese People's Republic, which came into being a year ago and is dominated by the Chinese Communist Party, have made it quite clear that they rank the United States as their principal enemy. Whether or not we intend to reciprocate their hostility, it is essential that we make an honest effort to understand their minds and the circumstances which have brought them to power.

The two latest authors to make this effort, Robert Payne and Derk Bodde, are both men of somewhat nondescript left-wing sympathies, both well acquainted with China, and both the authors of a number of worthwhile books. Mr. Payne's book (*Mao Tse-tung, Ruler of Red China. Henry Schuman.* $3.50.) bears his characteristic imprint—a vivid style and an equally vivid imagination, which sometimes soars above the prosaic plane of mere fact. He sees Mao Tse-tung as the culmination and embodiment of a native revolutionary tradition of peasant revolt against official oppression. This is a valid, if by no means original, concept. Mr. Payne's first chapter, which deals mainly with the Taiping Rebellion in mid-nineteenth century China, although it should prove interesting to the general reader, contains so many mistakes that it should perhaps never have been written. (He falls into the error, once common, of attributing the suppression of the rebellion to Western intervention.)

When he comes to deal with Mao's life and thought, Mr. Payne occasionally surrenders to his imagination, as when he sees in Mao's hostility toward his father a prototype of his enmity toward Chiang Kai-shek, or when he states that any Chinese could predict, after examining the signatures of Mao and Chiang, which of the two would prevail over the other. Despite occasional literary flourishes such as these, the book is probably the best since Edgar Snow's *Red Star Over China* for the layman who wishes to understand the rationale of the Chinese Communist movement. Mao's adaptation of Marxist ideology to the circumstances of an ancient and impoverished agrarian society, his sincerity, his will power, and his very considerable intellectual ability all receive proper recognition. Indeed, one cannot help wondering whether Mr. Payne has not been led captive by the personality of a man whom he supposedly regards as an enemy.

★

THE merits, rather than the shortcomings, of the victorious Chinese Communists also form the theme of Derk Bodde's book (*Peking Diary: a Year of Revolution. Henry Schuman.* $3.75). Although Mr. Bodde, who is primarily a student of Chinese philosophy, shows rather less understanding of *Realpolitik* than does Mr. Payne, the journal of his year in Peking, from August 1948 to August 1949, is decidedly worth reading. When he reached Peking, the city was still held by the Nationalists and was governed with their familiar and characteristic combination of corruption, inefficiency, and sporadic applications of terror. The contrast between this atmosphere and the enthusiasm and energy displayed by the Communists after their capture of the city, late in January 1949, impressed Mr. Bodde strongly.

★

ALTHOUGH I am convinced that in the main the picture which Mr. Payne and Mr. Bodde paint of the Chinese Communists is an accurate one, I believe that the dangers are more threatening than they appear to imagine. The Chinese Communists are Communists as well as Chinese, and they must be judged not only by comparison with traditional Chinese ways, over which they constitute in many respects a decided improvement, but also by comparison with that prototype of all Communist nations, the Soviet Union. It is important to remember in this age of propaganda that the Bolsheviks offered Russia, for the first decade after their seizure of power, much the same sort of enthusiasm and efficiency which the Chinese Communists have displayed. Both parties triumphed over opponents who were remarkable for their lack of those qualities. With the consolidation of Stalin's personal power, however, a Thermidorean reaction set in; today the negative element of coercion, embodied in the trinity of party, bureaucracy, and secret police, is at least as prominent in Russia as is the positive element of genuine leadership.

The Chinese Communists today are passing through the same phase of their development as the Russian Communists were in 1921, when they too had just defeated their domestic enemies and proclaimed a policy of concessions to private industry and commerce. The Bolsheviks established their secret police in December 1917, and already the Chinese Communists have begun to set up theirs. The huge population of China and her economic and social backwardness will almost certainly limit the extent to which the Chinese Communists will be able to control, or wish to control, the life of the average man, and will probably force them to emphasize in their domestic policies these practical reforms which the Nationalists before them chose suicidally to ignore. Nevertheless, an evil tree will in time bear evil fruit. It is difficult to see how, given the colossal problems of poverty and ignorance with which they are confronted, and given their own refusal to accept aid from the only nation in the world which still possesses an exportable surplus of capital and technology, the Chinese Communists can make any great impression on Chinese wretchedness. If they fail, and if the promised vision of a more prosperous life does not materialize, the Chinese people may awaken, too late, to the fact that they have exchanged the whips of the ineffectual Kuomintang for a set of scorpions made, or at least designed, in faraway Moscow.

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Books

Catholicism. Henri de Lubac, S.J. Translated from the French by Lancelot C. Sheppard. Longmans. $3.75.

CATHOLICISM is not a new work. It first appeared in 1938 and has had a profound influence on the second spring the Church is enjoying in France. The impact of Père de Lubac's thought is evident above all in the late Cardinal Suhard's luminous pastorals. Twelve years was a long time to wait for this translation. Now that it is here, a word of thanks is due the publishers and Mr. Sheppard for his smooth Englishing.

De Lubac subtitled his book "A Study of Dogma in Relation to the Destiny of Mankind." He wanted to show that Catholicism in its very essence is preeminently social. The Catholic cannot pass through the battlefields with a rose in his hand. The Catholic social movement is not merely the result of ethical prescriptions (the *do's* and *don't's* of religion) but flows logically from dogma itself. Catholicism is social "in a sense that should have made the expression 'social Catholicism' pleonastic." The present emphasis in the Church on social thought and action is something more than an improvised reaction to the challenge of communism. It pertains to the heart of the mystery. For the Catholic the operation of justice and charity in the social order are—or should be—dogma in action.

Cardinal Suhard wrote (in *Growth or Decline?*): "To convert the world, it is not enough to be saints and preach the gospel. Rather one cannot be a saint and live the gospel we preach without spending himself to provide everyone with housing, employment, food, leisure, education, etc.—without which life is no longer human. Hence the mission of the Christian is not only an apostolate, it is the convergence of three simultaneous actions: religious, civic and social." Père de Lubac shows why, the dogma of the Church being what it is, it couldn't be otherwise.

The Credo of Catholicism, its sacramental system and its living constitution are all highly social in character. De Lubac quotes a fellow theologian to the effect that "the gospels are obsessed with the idea of the unity of the human family." He devotes a section to the eternal paradox of the Person and Society, showing how, though there is no place for individualism or isolationism in Christian dogma, men are saved one by one—for every man judgment and salvation are an individual, personal matter.

Père de Lubac takes the full measure of the Church, at once divine and human, both transcendent and contingent, showing how at the same time the Church *is* and is ever *becoming*—neither a cold historical phenomenon nor a mystic abstraction. "If Christ is the Sacrament of God," he writes, "the Church is for us the sacrament of Christ; she represents Him, in the full and ancient meaning of the term. She makes Him present. She not only carries on His work, but she is His very continuation, in a sense far more real than in which it can be said that any human institution is its founder's continuation. The highly developed exterior organization that wins our admiration is but an expression, in accordance with the needs of this present life, of the interior unity of a living entity, so that the Catholic is not only subject to a power but is a member of a body as well, and his legal dependence on this power is to the end that he may have a part in the life of that body. His submission in consequence is not an abdication, his orthodoxy is not mere conformity, but fidelity. It is his duty not merely to obey her orders or show deference to her counsels, but to share in a life, to enjoy a spiritual union."

The religion of Christ, which by a happy historical accident is known as Catholicism, negates no human value but ennobles whatever is good or true by giving it spiritual meaning. The Greek word from which "catholic" is derived implied a universality far wider than the merely geographic. Whatever is narrow, exclusive, small-minded, illiberal or petty is less than catholic and a distortion of Catholicism.

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AFTER you have finished *Catholicism* you want to share the grandeur of de Lubac's presentation. Like a man in love who has stumbled across a poem that does justice to his lady, you want to take the book and show it to others, saying, "Look, *this* is Catholicism! Here is the Church in all her exalted majesty. *This* is what we love."

One reads the book and thinks sadly of how poorly we measure up to our calling as Catholics. One thinks of the Catholic publications that go out into the world perpetually suspicious, forever carrying around a chip on the shoulder. One thinks of the timid racism and jolly exclusivism ("our own kind") among us. One thinks of the consecrated anti-intellectualism, the suspicion of science, political enlightenment and cultural achievement found among us. The sickly sentimentality of so much of our devotional life, the milk and water artistic diet we live on, with our simpering Barclay Street saints and gooey hymns—what witness do these things give to the dynamic Catholicism of which a man like de Lubac writes? Who would say that the doctrines he describes so glowingly would induce men to the frantic futility of anti-Communist rallies, the fatuous slogans of the average Communion breakfast?

A Catholic puts the book down, with a greater love for the purity, beauty and majesty of the Church. Miserably aware of his own failings, he rejects again whatever corrupts that purity, distorts the beauty or shrivels the majesty in the eyes of men. He is grateful that such a book as this has been written and that he has been able to read it. He thinks of the Catholicism found in James Joyce's work, the Catholicism of *Studs Lonigan,* the Catholicism of the pious magazines, the Catholicism of Tammany Hall and *Social Justice.* There is, he has to admit, reality to correspond to all these. Call it parochialism, bigotry, pietism, sectarianism—call it anything you want. But after a man has read de Lubac he will never again call it Catholicism. Catholicism: "In the fullest meaning of the word she [the Church] brings beings into existence and gathers them together into one whole. Humanity is one, organically one by its divine structure; it is the Church's mission to reveal to men that pristine unity they have lost, to restore and complete it."

JOHN COGLEY.

Ideas and Men. Crane Brinton. Prentice-Hall. $6.

PROFESSOR Brinton has written, if not a survey, at least in his word, a guidebook to the ideas that have moved the western world, from Hippocrates and Plato to Pareto and Northrop. But though these ideas have been explosive elements in history, the author is careful to exhibit no strong attachments. Indeed in his view many of the grand questions have been approached with altogether too great a sense of reverence. While the clinical work is in progress, the proper attitude is one not of irreverence but of non-reverence. In no sense denying the existence of the beautiful and good, he yet proposes to remain on the outside, neither displaying passionate advocacy nor provoking controversial heat.

His style reflects his purpose. It is colloquial and matter of fact. If, as Newman said, a certain unaffected neatness and propriety may be required of any author, Mr. Brinton meets the rule, but he adds no grace of diction, which Newman equally required, and one rarely finds the memorable phrase. Nevertheless the reader is flattered by the impression that he is actually a participant in the debate, as the salient ideas of each period are placed in due relation and perspective, always modestly, even tentatively and avoiding the arts of persuasion.

For the author the focal tension in Western thought is the gap between the world we think desirable and the world in which we have to live.

> There are many ways of filling it. On one's own private account, there are ritual practices, conviction of belonging to a body of the elect, mystic submission to some greater will, all of which will help close the gap. For those who have to take humanity as a whole into view, there is the more difficult way of the optimistic reformer just about to close the gap with one last law, one last sermon. There is also the Christian attitude toward the gap—that it can never be wholly closed here on earth, but that those who work honestly, justly, considerately toward closing it on earth will find it fully closed in heaven, that those who do not will find it fully closed in hell.

But "words, ritual or any other consoling illusion" will not satisfy the moderate realist. Like Mr. Brinton he eschews enthusiasm, he preaches no crusades, he sets only modest and practical goals, he seeks to draw back the ideal closer to reality.

> —not temperance but less criminal alcoholism; not perfect sexual life on earth but fewer divorces; not the elimination of "soap operas," but better-balanced radio programs; not complete economic security but less disastrous depressions with less widespread unemployment; not a world government that will forever guarantee peace, but a United Nations that will help us stave off war and perhaps make it less barbarous when it comes.

MR. BRINTON admits these are gloomy prospects for men and women accustomed rather to feed on hopes of heaven here or hereafter. Indeed where the traditional faith has died, nationalism, socialism, fascism and communism have substituted other hopes. But these newer religions have proved wanting. In their fighting and crusading stages they engage the spiritual ardor of the faithful; in victory the old routines and necessities inevitably reassert themselves. The common man may find some encouragement in the assurance that he is the victim of the mode of production, but ultimately the suffering need more the recognition of themselves as precious in the eyes of God. Moreover they need forgiveness, for which there is

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no place in modern political creeds. So passionately are their ideals held, no imperfection can be permitted. In the Communist world, confession precedes not absolution, but the severest judgment; indeed even the words of confession are set in the tortured mind of the penitent. There is no means of grace nor hope of mercy and there is no "cure of souls."

Thus the author spurns the new secular religions, as he also shrinks from a new Age of Faith. He sees little hope of accommodating a transcendent religion to our scientific and naturalistic heritage; he sees less in requiring that men cynically profess one set and act on another set of beliefs. Rather he proposes a realistic, pessimistic society—a democracy "not dogmatically, not even idealistically, but all the more firmly individualist" whose citizens expect neither pie in the sky nor "all satisfying pie" in the larder. But this society, he soberly admits, would demand more of its citizens than any human culture has ever required.

It may be that the great masses in the West can take the attitude, hitherto confined to aristocracies like the Stoic, that this is a tough world in which nobody is always happy, in which everybody has got to keep coping with troubles, and in which there is no reward beyond the grave. But this seems most unlikely. The mass of mankind, even in the West, have never been able to take the tragic view without the help of a personal religion, a religion hitherto always transcendental, supernatural, otherworldly. Somehow, democracy, if it is not to return wholeheartedly to Christianity (which many today would have it do), must take on the cure of souls.

Note that this last phrase plumbs the very depths of Christian thought. So now after the supernatural world in general and Christianity in particular have been rejected, the author, as if by afterthought, suddenly grafts the sacred mission of Christ's Church upon a skeptical and worldly political faith. However admirable this is in its way, the graft will not take. Man's "intellect strives after infinite truth; his heart yearns after infinite goodness." These longings correspond to a supernatural end, and souls are not cured until they rest in Him.

EDWARD LITTLEJOHN.

The Saint. Fritz von Unruh. Random House. $3.50.

THIS flamboyant novel based on one of the most remarkable incidents in the life of St. Catherine of Siena, may be called a magnificent failure; and the paradox may be understood as a tribute to the writer whose genius was awakened by the story of Catherine's compassion for a young Perugian condemned by the law of Siena to pay the extreme penalty of death by beheading. The failure of the novelist may be meas-

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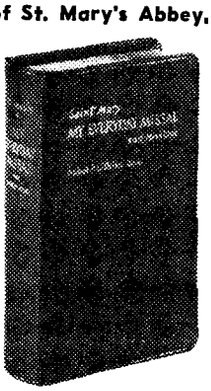

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ured by anyone who has read Catherine's own superb letter narrating the story of the execution of Niccolo Toldi. Catherine, who could call Niccolo Toldi, condemned to die on the scaffold, "sweet little brother," knelt beside the block and received his severed head into her hands. And she could wish not to wash the blood from her nun's habit because it was fragrant with the memory of the blood of Christ. No one can tell the story better than Catherine herself.

The Saint is a book which will need reverent readers: the author portrays one of the most challenging women of history and one of the greatest of mystics as a woman girlishly responsive to the wooing of an earthly lover. She, who is called by everyone in the story the Bride of Christ, is the center of a narrative melodramatic in the extreme. The story begins with an attempted murder and ends with an execution; and its incidents include a masqued entertainment (on Good Friday!) at which gather the rebellious young atheists of Siena, typical Renaissance magnificos more than faintly reminiscent of the Gonzagas and the Borgias. To this brilliant Renaissance revel Catherine goes in a disguise of silver armor, for the saving of Niccolo's soul. It is an act of which she was capable, nevertheless, on the whole, the episode is unconvincing.

And the whole extravagant story is told in the first person as the outpouring of Catherine's prayer, the impassioned expression of her uninterrupted communion with God. The lurid quality of the narrative is frequently highly incongruous with the prayer of a contemplative. This incongruity suggests religious uncertainty and immaturity in the writer.

IT IS the sinner rather than saint who is portrayed with power in this book. Niccolo Toldi's searching for faith awakens all the great words. If this novel could be prefaced with Catherine's own story of Niccolo one might hope that the book would be widely read by the judicious, for many of the problems of fourteenth-century Italy are reverberating in our own time. Now, as then, Catherine might ride out of a European city to offer her compassion to a Jew seeking, in his old age, a country where he will not feel hated and despised. Now, as then, young intellectuals are seeking the brave new world which is to rise (*a phoenix too frequent?*) from the ashes of the old. Now, as then, we need saints more than we need statesmen to work for a peace that will embrace the world. Fritz von Unruh does not know what is meant by sanctity. He knows that the Spirit of God is in man; he does not know clearly enough what nourishes that Spirit, what helps man to reveal and communicate it. He has the fire of genius, but not Catherine's burning love. Lacking that, he cannot interpret the perfect fidelity, the exquisite union of natural genius and supernatural love which makes Catherine of Siena a vital force wherever her history is known.

SISTER JULIE, O.P.

Santa Claus, M.D. W. W. Bauer, M.D. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75.

IF Dr. Bauer, director of Health Education for the American Medical Association, is typical of US physicians, the medical profession has a low estimate of its patients' intellectual level. For the basic purpose of Bauer's new book is to awaken the patients of this nation to the dangers of "tax-controlled medicine," a "medical Santa Claus," an "unsound plan of [Uncle Sam's] taking over medical practice," medical care "approved by a bureau chief in Washington" "decided [not] on the basis of merit but of politics," and "compulsory medical systems . . . the camel's nose-in-the-tent for the introduction of socialism."

Who, other than a few statist-minded zealots or an occasional crackpot, needs to be convinced that a "superstate authority handing down dicta from above" is a bad bargain in exchange for the present pay-as-you-go, partially prepaid health system? What does the medical profession hope to accomplish with such simple-minded appeals?

IN BAUER'S book, as in the AMA-inspired, multi-million dollar advertising campaign, the public is handed two alternatives: either "an un-American excursion into state socialism" (public health insurance) or the AMA's "free enterprise" program for medical care.

Santa Claus, M.D., like the AMA's supercharged advertising, distracts the public from the real issue in the controversy over the method of paying for our medical bills: *in what way should the government help the people pre-pay their medical expenses?*

The issue is no longer whether group hospitalization plans like Blue Cross, or doctor-controlled medical insurance plans like Blue Shield, can meet adequately the demand for decent medical care. *They can't.* The only question remaining is how the government can help. In reaching such a conclusion, medical economists have been impressed by the inadequacy of group insurance plans to protect most of the people against most of the financial hazards of illness and accident. Here are their reasons in a small package:

(1) As long as the premium is a flat rate, unrelated to earnings, the lower income groups will not be able to pay their own way to benefit by sickness insurance plans. (For the bottom income groups the alternative to some form of insurance, private or public, is state aid determined by a means test.)

(2) Where people are ill for a long time or need expensive medical treatment far beyond their family budget, there must be some provision for "catastrophic" illness. (You can set aside a nest egg for a rainy day but you can't save for a cloudburst.)

(3) Individuals should be permitted to join cooperative, non-profit plans. Many people are barred from participating because they do not belong to a "group" eligible to take part. (The basic unit of Blue Cross and Blue Shield insurance is the group not the individual.)

(4) People over sixty-five should be able to obtain protection.

As attempts are made to cover people in groups 2, 3, and 4 above,

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the cost of group insurance must be jacked up, thus excluding more and more persons in group 1. It is a vicious circle.

(5) Group insurance plans have been most successful in the hospital field. But US hospital bills in 1947 took only 21 cents out of each medical dollar.

APART from New Jersey and Colorado Medical Societies, organized medicine has had little to offer in the way of con-proposals for government assistance in the area of health insurance. This is partly explained by the historic AMA opposition to any medical program not run by the doctors themselves. That is why in the beginning the AMA fought Blue Cross, why the AMA is now battling with the American Hospital Association over the accrediting of hospitals, why a score of states have MD-sponsored laws that forbid any system of group medical service not absolutely dominated by the medics. That is why the AMA, almost single-handedly, effected a defeat of federal aid to medical schools in the House, even though the US Senate had unanimously passed a bill that had the backing of the American Hospital and Dental Associations and most medical schools.

In its propaganda the AMA discloses a surprising confusion about the nature of medical care. On the one hand, Dr. Bauer spends a sizable portion of his book praising government Public Health Services. He carefully notes that county Public Health programs are directed not to medical care but to preventive medicine. This is, he says, a legitimate field for government action. But then Dr. Bauer and the entire AMA officialdom refuse to see any difference between the *payment* for medical care and the actual *practice* of medicine by the doctor. In its opposition to national health insurance, the AMA carefully avoids making the elementary distinction between medical care and medical economics.

IN FAIRNESS to the doctors, the records should state that the AMA's avalanche of protest against "socialized medicine" has had some good effects. It has spurred the group health plans to expand their coverage and improve their benefits. It has stirred Congressmen into producing some realistic compromises between the AMA's "free enterprise" program and President Truman's proposal for national health insurance. These include catastrophic insurance plans to pay for medical bills over $50 a year, dental bills over $25. Senator Douglas of Illinois suggests insurance through existing cooperative insurance plans to pay for medical bills beyond $150. The Colorado State Medical Society has come out in favor of a plan by which the Bureau of Internal Revenue would refund to taxpayers all medical, nursing, dental, and hospital expenses in excess of 10 percent of the wage earner's yearly income. Other Senators want the federal government to give direct cash grants to the States to finance membership in Blue Cross and Blue Shield. Congressman Keating of New York has introduced legislation which would permit persons to deduct the greater part of their medical expenses from the income tax they must pay.

The Keating measure is similar to the recommendations of the Bureau of Health and Hospitals of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Senator Hunt of Wyoming would have Congress set up a huge insurance fund. Persons with annual incomes under $5,000 could, if they wish, take out health insurance at a nominal cost. This proposal would bring the government into direct competition with group insurance plans. Congressman Wolverton of Ohio would insure group health plans against heavy losses.

Without trying to pass upon the merits of these proposals, one is justified in saying that some Congressmen are doing a little original thinking. From such proposals may come a legislative formula that will preserve voluntary, non-profit insurance plans (without creating a medical monopoly) and make it possible for every citizen to pre-pay the bulk of his hospital and medical bills.

A Santa Claus, MD, is not the an-

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swer. But Doctor AMA doesn't have the answer either.

ED MARCINIAK.

The Caged Birds. Le Roy Leatherman. Harcourt. $3.

MR. LEATHERMAN is one of them, but he's got the wrong name. So what's in a name? So his name isn't "Speed" or "Truman" or "Gore," but he's just as good and maybe better.

You get the "smell of rotting flowers" and you know the writer is in his twenties, a mood magician, craftsmanlike, apparently mature and a "find" of the *Kenyon* or the *Sewanee Review*.

It's usually about a small, mildewed southern town, everything's old and odd or just odd. It's like life and it's not, depending on your stability, your antennae and the power of the spell. If you're from the South it could be distinguished; if you're from the North, curious.

An old aristo named Mr. Aristo lives in a big, old mansion; across the way is another big, old mansion where the Daigres live. Mr. Aristo plucked ragamuffin Luke from the swamps after his wife blew town. With gifts and resignation he made a kind of wife and son out of Luke. Luke blew town for an oil well and Mr. Aristo fixed on eight-year-old Jim Daigre, teaching him Greek, with gifts and guile, instead of resignation.

Mrs. Daigre who married a demanding man, set up a giant birdcage for Jimmy, but really for herself. In it were beautiful love-birds, symbolizing a gentle love which she might have had. Later when the birds began to do all the things that humans in love do—slaying rivals and philandering—she was driven back toward a redefinition of her love for son and husband.

Meantime Mr. Aristo manipulated Jimmy into position only to have the relationship threatened by the oil-rich Luke, who built a palace in the swamps and fled the human condition in a high-powered car.

They all act like the birds in the cage, and the birds act like them.

But for the blurbs, rather than the birds, I would like to say that this first-novel—bizarre as it may seem—is a first-rate piece of writing—in mood, metaphorical skill and psychological analysis of character.

Mr. Leatherman inquires most impressively, as did Bishop Berkeley, into the existence of things outside the mind. Speaking of Aristo, Leatherman says, ". . . he knew that neither Lucius nor the boy really existed outside of his own mind." It isn't true but the fictional spell is good enough to make us wonder.

JOE DEVER.

The Vatican and Its Role in World Affairs. Charles Pichon. Dutton. $4.50.

THE number of books on the Vatican that have appeared in English in recent years is a sign of the ever growing interest in the Holy See that is one of the most important developments in modern religious history. The world wide attention paid to the uniquely splendid ceremonies in which Pope Pius XII has just solemnly defined the Assumption is very different from the indifference or hostility that Pius IX met when the definitions of 1854 and 1870 took place. It would take a very bigoted person to deny that the revival of papal prestige since 1878 has outstripped the fondest dreams of its supporters and has brought it closer than at any time since the Reformation to its old role as the spokesman for the conscience of the Christian world. The causes of this revival are a study in themselves, and many writers, like M. Pichon, prefer to study the impact of the fact — the revival — on the world rather than to investigate its causes.

M. Pichon is a French diplomatic correspondent with much experience of Roman affairs. He wrote his book with his eye on his compatriots, so an American reader is likely at first glance to think it lacking in perspective. Its chief value, however, lies in letting us see the Roman scene

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through French eyes and, in particular, in showing us how Rome's relations with the United States appear to an educated Frenchman who is friendly to both. After a very brief survey of its history down to 1878 the author gives a more detailed study of the Holy See under the present Pope and his four immediate predecessors. He is interested in big problems like the native clergy in mission lands, reunion, and the relations of the Vatican with Moscow and Washington. Unfortunately his treatment of Anglican Orders is inaccurate, and unfair to the English Catholics. Like many French writers he is unenthusiastic about Pius X and Merry Del Val, and tends to see German agents behind anything unfavorable to France. These defects give a certain local coloring to a readable and quite selective survey of a great subject.

FLORENCE D. COHALAN.

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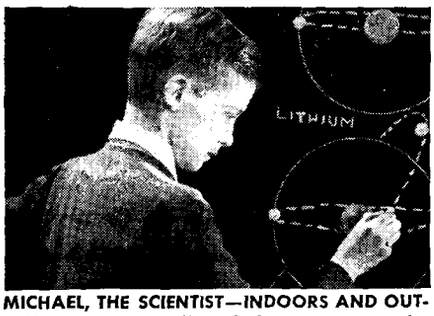

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